

MICHIGAN PRIMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers

DETROIT, TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1886-WITH HOUSEHOLD.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR

VOLUME XVII.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE."

NUMBER 12

CONTENTS.

Agriculture.—State Sheep Shearings—Wash-
ington Merino—Michigan's Langshan—
Michigan—The Webster Farmers' Club—
Fertile—Fatal Disease in Sheep—
The Horse—Cleveland Bay—Contagious Dis-
eases—An Ohio, Indiana and Michigan Circuit-
Horse Show—
The Farm.—A Cass County Farmer on Corn-
Growing—A Michigan Dairy—Curing Cheese—
Agricultural Notes—
The Poultry Yard.—A Good Poultry House—
Horticulture.—Making a Lawn—The Michigan
Hedge Company—Lawn-Making—The Patent
Hedge of the Agricultural College—How to
graft—Soils and Fertilizers—Productive
Plants—Horticultural Notes—
Apiculture.—Hints on Shipping Bees and Honey
Editorial.—Wheat—Corn and Oats—Dairy Pro-
ducts—Wool—Annual Meeting of the Holstein-
Friesian Association—Stock Notes—Sheep and
Wool Notes—
New Summary.—Michigan—General—Foreign
Poetry.—Two Schoolfellows—After Death—
Miscellaneous.—A Good Horse Story—Secret of
My F-estool—Presence of Mind—They Stop-
ped Smoking—The Fair—An Indignant
Englishman—Newspaper Objections—Ob-
jections to the Gray Bee-Selling Dogs—He
Couldn't Call it a Miracle—Varieties—Chaff—
Probably Still Lamentable—Specific Ophthal-
mia—Tender Feet in a Horse—
Commercial.

Agricultural.

STATE SHEEP-SHEARINGS

Dates and Places at Which they
are to be Held.

The Michigan Merino Sheep-Breeders' Association has arranged to hold three shearings this year at different points in the State, instead of one as heretofore, and the dates and places selected are as follows:

Ann Arbor.—Thursday and Friday, April 16th and 17th.

Flint.—Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20th and 21st.

Kalamazoo.—Thursday and Friday, April 22nd and 23rd.

Let the breeders of the State come out in force and see to it that the record of Michigan as shearing the heaviest fleeces ever taken from a sheep is kept up. Now is the time to show your faith in the Merino and its future. It will help the business with everybody to see those engaged in breeding taking an active interest in the reputation and improvement of their sheep.

WASHTENAW COUNTY MERINOS.

What the Breeders in the Vicinity of Saline are Doing.

A short and rapid trip the past week to Saline and its neighborhood gave us an opportunity of looking over a few of the flocks, and taking observations of how the "hard times" have affected them. It had also been rumored that Mr. Arthur Wood had returned from Vermont with a bunch of good ones, and we wanted to see what his idea of the "coming sheep" was—the sheep that could stand hard times, low tariff, and yet win its way to the good will and confidence of the sheep men of Michigan. The first visit was made to him, and it was gratifying to find him as enthusiastic and strong in his faith in the future of the Merino as when the "boom" was at its height.

The lambs were just beginning to drop, and the first fifteen of them came from two ewes, and they were all good strong ones. This is a good showing after the experience sheep men had with their flocks a year ago. His breeding flock is looking well, and a finer party of ewe lambs it would be hard to find anywhere. They were mostly by Sheldon (48), and are excellent specimens of her value as a stock sheep. He puts on a good many spears to the acre, no matter what of his stock you examine.

The breeding flock having been looked over, the party from Vermont was let out into the yard for inspection. There were 53 ewes, selected from three flocks, those of V. Rich, C. P. Crane and D. F. Doty. Of the Rich flock, there are five ewes, choice ones, sired by Banker 408, and Broker, a son of Burwell's Bismarck. Three of these ewes are in lamb to V. Rich's noted ram Woolgrower.

Of the Crane flock there are 21 representatives—15 sired by Goldfinder and six by Premier. These are a big strong party, covered all over, and especially good in the head, belly and legs.

Of the Doty flock 25 ewes were purchased, and they are a strong party. They were all sired by the noted Eureka 3d and the Payne Ram (177).

With the six Rich ewes Mr. Wood purchased a ram lamb, sired by Bur, he by Broker, and he by Bismarck. His dam was the famous Queen ewe, No. 181 of the Rich flock, by Banker 408, and her dam was J. T. & V. R. No. 8. It will be seen he comes from good stock on both sides, and as he is doing well in his new quarters it need not surprise any one if he turns out to be a good one.

It is Mr. Wood's intention to retain a large part of this importation as an addition to his breeding flock. He likes the Rich blood, and had a large amount of it

in his flock before. He will keep all he has got and add to it.

After taking in this flock, and in its present shape this cannot be done in a few minutes, it was decided, despite the rain and mud, to visit some of the other flocks in the neighborhood. The first one reached was that of Mr. Ira E. Wood, who has started into registered sheep within the year. He has about 40 ewes of all ages, purchased from Mr. C. C. Warner, taking his entire crop of ewe lambs, and the remainder from the flock of Mr. Fred Wood. He thought he could buy good sheep cheap enough to be able to throw away his grades. Mr. Wood also showed us a fine Shorthorn bull, bred by Will Boyden, and sired by Lord Barrington 3d, a deep red, straight top and bottom, past two years old, and much improved since we saw him a year ago in the hands of Mr. Yedele.

Mr. G. L. Hoyt's flock was next inspected. We expected it to look well, as he is a sheep man "from away back." The party of ram lambs he showed will convince any one of that fact. They were mostly from Sheldon (48). The breeding ewes, and a few rams he had "left over" were in excellent shape. He has a couple of rams which the boys will see at Ann Arbor, and one of them will shear more than a pound.

Beyond the Hoyt farm we came to that of Mr. J. S. Wood, one of the first breeders of the State, whose whole life has been identified with the sheep industry. He isn't a day older in appearance than he was ten years ago, nor has his interest in good stock decreased. His son Norman, who lives with him, showed a two-year-old and a yearling ewe which he intends to have at Ann Arbor. The two-year-old is a daisy, with a front that would do credit to a stock ram, and closely woolled all over. She is by Sheldon (48). On the trip we saw a number of very nice lambs from Buckeye, brought in from Ohio by Mr. Jessup Wood. They have very fine ewe fleeces. There are some good unregistered Shorthorns kept here, and Mr. Wood was feeding a six months' old steer calf that was making a very rapid growth, his present weight being nearly 600 lbs.

Mr. George Wood, brother of Jessup, is also a sheep man, and until this season has stuck to the old blood brought into the State at an early day. This year he decided to go into registered stock, and Mr. A. A. Wood, his son, selected a bunch of 20 breeding ewes for him during his visit to Vermont. They are from the flock of Mr. F. H. Farrington, and Mr. Wood starts in with a very nice lot of ewes, of good style, and carrying nice fleeces.

At the house of Mr. R. W. Mills, near the town, commanding a beautiful view of the fine country surrounding it, a halt was made for dinner. The selection did credit to Mr. Wood's judgment, as a very enjoyable visit with Mr. Mills and his family was the result. Of course Mr. Mills has had the sheep fever too. The farmers all have it more or less in this neighborhood. He has quite a nice bunch of breeding ewes, and some good yearlings and lambs. A yearling ewe, which he expects to shear at Ann Arbor, will crowd 20 lbs., or the signs will fail.

Then the farm of Mr. Isaac Shaw was visited, and here we saw a party of yearlings with a most remarkable growth. Mr. Shaw grows a sheep with a rib and a back like a Shorthorn. His flock looks as if wool was worth 50 cents per pound. This flock started from the A. A. Wood flock, as did most of those previously mentioned.

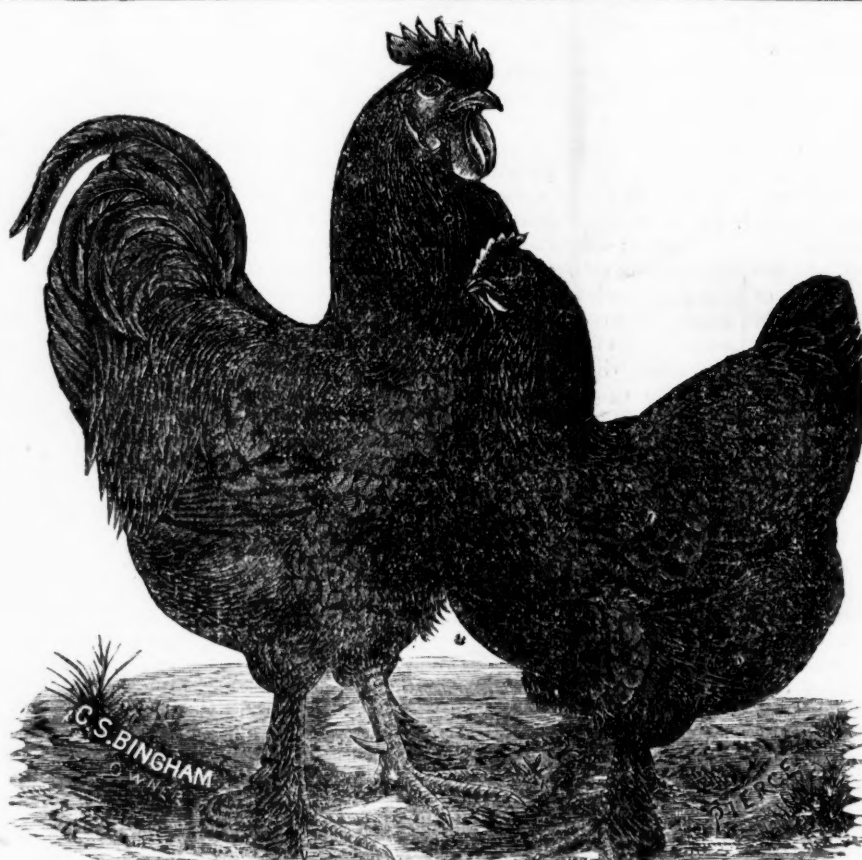
At Mr. A. B. Hamlin's we saw another flock started from Mr. Wood's, and it is no discredit to the business. His flock shows good care, and Mr. Hamlin is one of the men that the depression has not scared. He still has faith in the Merino, and shows it by his work.

A short but muddy drive brought us to the farm of Mr. Jas. Hoyt. It is clay soil in this direction, and it stuck like a brother. Mr. Hoyt has been a little unfortunate with his flock this year, but if he takes that two-year-old ram of his to Ann Arbor he will astonish some of them.

A short call was made on Mr. G. C. Townsend, Secretary of the Saline Wool-growers' Association. He is a young man, nicely looked, who has only recently started into registered sheep, with stock from the Wood flock. He has his sheep in good shape and doing well.

The last visit was paid to Mr. C. R. Parsons & Sons, and was necessarily a hurried one. They have started a good flock here, have a stock ram by Sheldon, which is not only a good one individually but is giving them some good lambs. He is a very compact sheep, low on his legs, well flanked and folded, good head and neck, and well covered with a strong buck's fleece. This flock will also be represented at the State shearing at Ann Arbor, with the ram just mentioned and probably a couple of ewe lambs.

It was intended to take in a few more of the flocks, but the mud was deep, the weather changing every half hour, and it was found impossible to accomplish all laid out. After looking over the flocks reached, it is safe to say Washtenaw will not be last this year when the record is made up.



Langshan Fowls, Bred and Owned by C. S. Bingham, Vernon Mich.

BINGHAM'S LANGSHANS.

The poultry illustration on this page represents a pair of Langshan fowls, bred and owned by the veteran breeder of this variety of fowls, Mr. C. S. Bingham, of Vernon, Mich. It is now universally conceded that the Langshan is the most meritorious of any variety of pure bred poultry in existence. They are prolific layers and fine table fowls. They grow rapidly, are hardy and beautiful, and whether for the fancier or farmer they are the most reliable and profitable of all the breeds.

Mr. Bingham also breeds Wyandottes and Rose Combed Brown Leghorns. He also publishes a handsome illustrated circular and price list that will be sent free on application to him. Don't fail to send for one if you contemplate buying either fowls or eggs, for he is a thoroughly reliable breeder, and there is no better stock than that bred by him.

THE WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

The Webster Farmers' Club held its monthly meeting at the residence of Wm. C. Latson, March 18th, with a large attendance. This Club, though having a local habitation and a name in Webster, numbers among its active members representative farmers and breeders from Ham-burg and Green Oak, Livingston Co., Northfield, Scio, Ann Arbor and Lima, Washtenaw Co., and when they all "get there" there is generally business on hand. Promptly at half past ten President Merrill called to order, and introduced John L. Perry, of Elyria, who occupied fifteen minutes in exhibiting the Flint cabinet creamer and churn, with which he had supplied Mr. Latson the past summer. It had been operated by cold water with very satisfactory results.

Mr. Abner Butler was next introduced and gave the Club the benefit of his ex-

periences of butter being better than that made in the old way. He had eaten butter 30 years ago, a year old, and made by his mother-in-law, that was just as sweet as it was the day it was made.

Mr. E. A. Nordman thought possibly Mr. Terry's taste might have changed in these years, as we all know men are prone to telling, especially to their wives, about mother's cooking, forgetting that the keen appetite of youth is not so discriminating as dyspeptic old age.

Mr. Ira Bachus's paper was then called for and read. It would be impossible to give even a synopsis of its contents, so varied and interesting was it from Alpha to Omega. I will say, however, that on all I listened to it there was left the life history of the man in his dealings with his business. The remarkable success of Mr. Bachus Brothers in taking an old worn out farm, and by some summary but occult process, renewing its fertility, adding field to field and farm to farm into the hundreds of acres, was no longer a mystery, but a problem solved for their benefit. The only comment on this paper was from Wm. Ball, who said that as it struck the keynote ought to be published in the FARMER.

In answer to the question, "How much per month ought farmers pay the average hand the coming season," Mr. Cushing thought about the same as last year. The outlook was no better or worse than twelve months ago. Good hands, \$18. Erwin Ball was of the opinion that \$14 or \$15 was about the figure. A man clear of debt might possibly pay more, but if a man had an interest-bearing loan to carry he would be left in the rear on a higher scale of prices.

President Merrill asked how about the wages a man can afford to work for?

Johnson Bachus thought we pay day hands too much in proportion to the monthly hands who labor more hours, and are more closely identified with our interests.

Mr. J. Kinney claimed it to be poor economy to try and hire cheap help. Pay well and expect value returned.

Mr. A. Olaver admitted he would hire an \$18 man for \$16 if he could, and thought the rest would do the same thing. Mr. Nordman would give more for a man who would save his money than for a spendthrift, and believed farmers took too little thought about the habits of young men in their employ, giving them their money as fast as earned and asked for. We should try to induce them to accumulate. Where they do so they are better help and safer employees.

Wm. Ball said he never beat a man down in hiring; if he hired at all it was at the price asked. His men generally saved their money. Gave two or three instances of men who had stayed with him until able to buy themselves homes. He always felt he had a responsibility in connection with hired help.

On the question of hours in the field, W. E. Boyden had adopted very nearly a ten hour system, which was generally conceded to be enough.

The ladies had a lively discussion over the wash-saving question, but as I have already exceeded my limit, imagination will have to supply the deficiency.

COR. SEC.

FOR THE MICHIGAN FARMER. AMONG THE BREEDERS OF VERMONT.

In making a trip to Addison Co., Vermont, recently, the usual stop-over of two hours or more at Rutland was spent in a very pleasant manner visiting the extensive and well arranged poultry yards of Messrs. Millington & Bourne. Mr. Millington was one of the pioneers in breeding and developing the new and justly popular variety of fowls now known everywhere as Wyandotte, and was the as-

sociate of Messrs. Houdlette and Hull on the committee who reported the standard for this breed as adopted by the American Poultry Association. Mr. Millington commenced breeding Wyandottes eight years ago, four years later Mr. Bourne became his partner. As the legitimate fruit of skillful breeding to a feather, and fair and honorable dealing with all customers, this establishment has justly attained a world-wide reputation as the headquarters for Wyandottes. At the time of my visit the stock had been reduced by sales to 110 head. It is their purpose to mate ten pens of eight or nine hens each for the coming season's breeding; all male birds are selected with special reference to breeding to the standard, and none with any conspicuous fault are kept for breeding or sale. The poultry house is well arranged, with an abundance of pure running water and a complete apparatus for heating in severe weather. The fowls receive every attention and no pain or expense is spared to secure a great variety of food, and as a result the fowls are a sprightly and healthy lot. The record of prizes won by birds from this establishment is an enviable one, and in keeping with its reputation at home and abroad.

At Middlebury I visited Mr. J. H. Buttolph and Secretary Chapman, and spent a few moments at each place looking over their respective flocks. Mr. Buttolph is breeding American Pauls of the Banker and Bismarck families. His sheep have not been summer-housed or fitted, but are in robust health and good condition, and carry heavy, bulky fleeces of good quality. Mr. Buttolph got his start from the celebrated flock of V. Rich. Mr. Chapman's sheep are in the very pink of condition, and show that he is as much of an expert at breeding and care-taking as he is in driving a pen. I note a very marked improvement in this flock during the last three years; some of the ewes from Clark rams are right good ones.

In making the trip to Addison, in company with Mr. Chapman, we called on Mr. C. P. Crane. Nothing from my pen can add to the fame of this flock. As a rule the sheep are stylish, well formed, dense fleeced, well covered, and shear heavy, bulky fleeces. This flock combines the blood of the Bonaparte, (through Silver Horn and Ironsides) Bismarck, Rip Van Winkle and Eureka 3d families; and it is an interesting study to note the success that has resulted from commingling the blood lines descended from these great sires. A yearling ram by Goldfinder, son of Rip Van Winkle, first and second dam by Bismarck and Eureka 3d, combines in a marked degree the excellence of each family.

Our next stopping place was at the residence of Mr. C. P. Morrison & Son. Few breeders have been more select in their breeding operations, and drawn their out-crosses from fewer sources than Morrison & Son. This flock was established upwards of 30 years ago by purchases of Messrs. W. G. & E. Hammond and Erasmus Robinson, and aside from a cross with Saxton's Prince was not bred to other blood until bred to Mr. Burwell's Bismarck family. The entire flock, save some half dozen sheep, is bred in that family line. These men have always furnished a beautiful, highly crimped and even fleece of wool, with dark colored tip. In some instances family lines have been preserved. I was much interested in the history of the "Eight in four" family, this ewe taking her name from having raised eight lambs in four years. This old ewe will be 14 years old the coming spring, has raised 15 lambs, and is still hale and hearty, and gives promise of further usefulness as a breeder. Where is the ewe that can beat her record?

Many valuable rams have resulted from breeding this flock in the Bismarck line; notable among them is Star Bismarck, Burwell's 165 and Burwell's 157.

I gladly accepted an invitation from Mr. Morrison to drive to Vergennes and pay a visit to Mr. Barton and inspect his flock of sheep. We found them in splendid condition but had not been summer-housed; the ewe lambs are an especially good lot, large sized and growthy. Standard worked a marvelous revolution in the flock and established a family of great uniformity of type and marked characteristics, which are transmitted in great force down the lines. On our return trip we called for a few moments at Lyman Clark's place. Boss Luck and Adirondack had returned from New York a few days previous, where their services had been in great demand. We hope they will leave their impress behind. Our next stopping place was at Henry C. Burwell's, Bridport. His sheep never looked better to me. The flock, composed of yearlings, two year olds and three year old ewes, would be an inspiration to every one who admires or breeds Merino sheep. The ewe lambs are an even and stylish lot. His stock ram 195 is in good form and show condition.

Our genial friend Harry Sanford, of West Cornwall, who is piling on as top crosses the blood of the Bismarck Eureka 3d and Bonaparte families on the Eureka blood which he secured in the purchase of the Rockwell flock, turned out the best lot of young ewes for our inspection that we ever saw of like age at this place. Harry's grit holds right on and he is

bound to succeed. His ram lamb I. X. L., by Prince Bismarck, dam by Magnet, g. dam by Plato, running four lines direct to Bonaparte, is a very promising youngster, and ought to prove a great sire. His dam has developed into a grand model ewe, and carries a dense, highly crimped and attractive fleece.

The flock of Edgar Sanford, of the same town, which has always been noted for its great style and excellence of fleece, and many other good qualities, shows a marked improvement since the introduction of Bismarck blood. His stock ram Fortune, sire of Prince 2d, he by Bismarck, is an even, well-balanced sheep, carrying a dense, highly crimped fleece, and well covered at all points; proving a very useful ram at the head of the flock. His lambs are stylish, well formed, and exceedingly well covered on head, legs and belly.

We regretted that lack of time prevented a longer stay at F. & L. E. Moore's, of Shoreham. At this establishment we found much to attract and interest visitors. The two year old ram Jay-Eye-See, by Wall Street, son of Rip Van Winkle; that has not only won distinction in the show ring but also broken the record of scored wool, is, as usual, in good form and show condition. It would be difficult to find a finer formed or more attractive appearing Merino ram anywhere. His merits as a sire will soon be manifest. The herd of Shorthorns planted here by Mr. Ball is one of great excellence, both individually and collectively. It consists of three males and thirteen females. No doubt its presence here will result in a marked improvement of the cattle of the Champlain Valley, and will induce others to follow the example of these enterprising men, who in turn will establish other herds of this most useful of all breeds of cattle.

If anyone has imagined that the world renowned flock of the late Tyler Stickney would lose caste in the hands of his successor, or that the mantle of the father has not fallen upon the son, he has only to visit the old homestead and carefully examine the flock of E. E. Stickney, of East Shoreham. The six or eight stock rams were in excellent condition. If the old Centennial ram goes through to shearing time in his present form, it will take a heavy fleeced ram to tip the scales at a higher notch. The flock of young ewes, nearly 40 in number, are living monuments to the skill of the breeder.

Mr. Bissell was absent from home and did not visit his place. He is getting together a nice little herd of Galloway cattle. On our way home we met him in Rutland en route for home, taking with him two elegant two year old heifers of this breed, one of them as fine a specimen as we have ever seen. We heard many compliments for a yearling ram by Wall Street, bred by Mr. Forster, of Shoreham, and owned in company with Mr. Bissell, but had not time to see him or visit Mr. J. T. Stickney's flock, and note the moulding industry of Wall Street upon the flock.

No one visiting Vermont at the present time can fail to note a disposition upon the part of many of her sheep men to engage to a certain extent in a more diversified industry; some in the direction of breeding blooded cattle and others stylish and fast horses. Mr. Burwell is raising some nice colts. A three year old stallion, Golden Lambert, by the Frost horse, dam by Daniel Lambert, g. dam by Sherman Black Hawk, g. dam by Barnes horse, son of Sir Walter, (Frost horse by Daniel Lambert, dam by Ethan Allen) is a genuine specimen of the Lambert family in color and markings. He is also a well made and smoothly turned colt, very stylish, and promises to be very speedy. A weanling by Montello, son of Almont, out of the dam of Golden Lambert, is a large and promising bay horse colt. C. P. Crane has a very nice black horse colt, coming two years old, by DeLong's Ethan Allen, dam a Black Hawk mare. This colt is a typical Morgan and will make a fine horse. The time may come when the Vermonters will lose their love for Morgan horses, but that day has not arrived. It would take four great horses to supplant Daniel Lambert, Aristos, Ben Franklin and Addison Lambert in the Champlain Valley. JOHN P. RAY.

Veterinary Department

Fatal Disease in Sheep.

Richmond, March 12, 1886.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.
I have lost some of my sheep by a disease. Not knowing what it is, I would ask your advice. The first symptoms that I saw the sheep stand with their head stretched up and back as far as they can, and tremble all over, froth at the mouth some, and continue in this way as long as they stand up. When they cannot stand they lie stretched out, kick and paw all the time. They seem to be blind from the first. Have lost six; all seemed just alike. Will you please answer through the FARMER what you think is the disease and the remedy?
A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The difficulty in diagnosing diseases in our domestic animals, from symptoms given by the unprofessional, "can better be imagined than described." The more important or primary symptoms escape notice, the disease when discovered often being too far advanced to yield to medical treatment. If our readers before writing to us would read carefully the directions heading this (Continued on eighth page.)

The Horse.

CLEVELAND BAYS.

VERNON, Mich., March 17, 1886.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I see your correspondent, L. C. Drake, under date of March 4th, seems to think that a great effort is being made to "boom" the Cleveland Bay; but does not give any reason why he should not be boomed. He says that any stallion that will get coach horses, bay with black points, will do any part of our country good. Now is not that just what the Cleveland Bay is doing for us to-day? not only the coach, but fine carriage and farm horses. Notwithstanding friend Drake claims they are mongrels, to-day they stand head and shoulders above every other breed of horses as a general purpose horse, accepted by every unprejudiced horseman in this part of the State as the long desired medium between the light driver and the heavy draft horse. He also says if they had the merit of the Percheron they would not need any booming. Now, for one, I fail to see the merit unless it be in the unwillingly carcass and past legs that we sometimes see creeping past our doors. In my opinion the Percheron is purely a draft horse, and unfit for the farm. If friend Drake is a farmer, and will give the Cleveland Bay a fair trial, I think he will change his mind in regard to what is "the coming horse."

J. W. CLARK.

Contagious Diseases.

When we consider for a moment the number of diseases of a contagious nature to which horses are subject, and the careless manner in which they are exposed to the same, it is astonishing that we do not have epidemics of this kind often with our horses. To fully appreciate the risk that is incurred, we need only visit the city or country towns on court days or Saturdays, and see the number of horses of all kinds and conditions that stand tied and almost touching each other in every available space about town, to say nothing of the number that are packed together in the public stables. The latter, as a rule, are much safer from coming in contact with disease than those outside, for no sensible stableman would admit an animal inside his stables that is affected with any kind of contagious disease if he knew it; but it often happens that neither the owner of the horse nor the stable man is aware of the disease until it is too late to remedy the evil. Contagious diseases of a most virulent character may be perpetuated for an indefinite length of time by feeding horses in stalls where the disease has existed. Of this kind we may mention glanders and Spanish itch especially. Either of these most fatal disorders may be conveyed to other horses by feeding in a stall where horses suffering from them have been kept. To destroy the virus take a pint of sulphuric acid and put it in a bucket of water, and with an old wash rag dip parts of the stall, especially the trough and manger, as well as the sides of the stall. Then put a few pounds of quick sulphur in an old iron pot, and, turning it, so as to fumigate the stable thoroughly, taking due precaution against fire. It is a good plan to set the pot in a tub of water, then whitewash with lime and carbolic acid. This will protect them thoroughly.—*Rural World*.

An Ohio, Indiana and Michigan Circuit.

A number of horsemen representing Ohio, Indiana and Michigan Associations met at Kalamazoo on Tuesday last, and formed what is to be known as the Ohio, Indiana and Michigan Racing Circuit. A premium list of \$35,000 was decided on. Dates were not fixed definitely, but it was decided that the meetings should occur as follows: Toledo, Crawfordville, South Bend, Toledo, Kalamazoo, East Saginaw. The speed contests over these tracks are to be for the following classes: Trotting—1-18, 2-21, 2-25, 2-29, 3-4, 3-8, 3-12, 3-16, 3-20, 3-24, 3-28, 4-1, 4-5, 4-9, 4-13, 4-17, 4-21, 4-25, 4-29, 5-3, 5-7, 5-11, 5-15, 5-19, 5-23, 5-27, 6-1, 6-5, 6-9, 6-13, 6-17, 6-21, 6-25, 6-29, 7-3, 7-7, 7-11, 7-15, 7-19, 7-23, 7-27, 8-1, 8-5, 8-9, 8-13, 8-17, 8-21, 8-25, 8-29, 9-2, 9-6, 9-10, 9-14, 9-18, 9-22, 9-26, 10-1, 10-5, 10-9, 10-13, 10-17, 10-21, 10-25, 10-29, 11-2, 11-6, 11-10, 11-14, 11-18, 11-22, 11-26, 12-1, 12-5, 12-9, 12-13, 12-17, 12-21, 12-25, 12-29, 1-2, 1-6, 1-10, 1-14, 1-18, 1-22, 1-26, 1-30, 2-3, 2-7, 2-11, 2-15, 2-19, 2-23, 2-27, 3-1, 3-5, 3-9, 3-13, 3-17, 3-21, 3-25, 3-29, 4-2, 4-6, 4-10, 4-14, 4-18, 4-22, 4-26, 4-30, 5-4, 5-8, 5-12, 5-16, 5-20, 5-24, 5-28, 6-1, 6-5, 6-9, 6-13, 6-17, 6-21, 6-25, 6-29, 7-3, 7-7, 7-11, 7-15, 7-19, 7-23, 7-27, 8-1, 8-5, 8-9, 8-13, 8-17, 8-21, 8-25, 8-29, 9-2, 9-6, 9-10, 9-14, 9-18, 9-22, 9-26, 10-1, 10-5, 10-9, 10-13, 10-17, 10-21, 10-25, 10-29, 11-2, 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5-12, 5-16, 5-20, 5-24, 5-28, 6-1, 6-5, 6-9, 6-13, 6-17, 6-21, 6-25, 6-29, 7-3, 7-7, 7-11, 7-15, 7-19, 7-23, 7-27, 8-1, 8-5, 8-9, 8-13, 8-17, 8-21, 8-25, 8-29, 9-2, 9-6, 9-10, 9-14, 9-18, 9-22, 9-26, 10-1, 10-5, 10-9, 10-13, 10-17, 10-21, 10-25, 10-29, 11-2, 11-6, 11-10, 11-14,

Horticultural.

MAKING A LAWN.

Bulletin No. 11.—Botanical Department.

"Grass is the most lowly, the simplest, and the loveliest element to be used in the adornment of home. A smooth, closely shaven surface of grass is by far the most essential element of beauty on the grounds of a suburban home."—P. J. Scott.

"It would be a great gain to horticulture if ten out of every twelve flower-beds in Europe were devoted to lawn with fresh green grass."—Robinson's Parks of Paris.

"A lawn is the grand work of a landscape gardener."—H. W. Sargent.

"We love the soft turf which is thrown like a smooth natural carpet over the swelling outline of the smiling earth."—A. J. Downing.

Many of the farmers of Michigan, as well as large numbers of people who own each one or more lots in or near town, are seeking to improve their homes. In embellishing a place, we agree with the excellent authorities cited above, that nothing gives more satisfaction for the outlay than a well established and well kept plat of grass called a lawn.

Owing to the difficulty of learning to recognize the seeds, the purchaser is usually at the mercy of the dealer, whose interest it is to enshroud in mystery the whole subject of grasses for the lawn.

Most of the leading seedsmen of our country are advertising extensively and appear to be selling large quantities of "mixtures" of lawn grass seeds for which there is quite a variety of attractive names.

[Here follows an analysis of seven mixtures of lawn grass seeds.]

The lawn surrounding the State Capitol in Lansing has been much admired. To begin with, the land is clay, and was thoroughly tilled, deeply trenched and well fitted in every respect. I am not certain what mixture of seeds was sown, but for a few years, the lawn contained much perennial ryegrass, none of which now remains alive, at least none to amount to anything. There was some ribbed grass and other weeds which have been carefully removed at a great expense of labor. The main things to be seen in the land this season were June grass and white clover, with some fine red top or bent grass.

At the Agricultural College, numerous plants in various seasons and soils, mixed and separate have been tried, and those grasses of most value are June grass and a small red top. White clover often thrives well with these, but it varies much with the change of seasons. Sod taken from a rich old pasture or the roadside usually makes an excellent lawn as soon as laid, but it is too expensive for a large plat. The main grasses making such a turf are those last mentioned, June grass and red top, with perhaps some white clover.

In making a lawn, too little stress is usually placed on thorough tilling and subsoiling and enriching the land. The surface should be harrowed and hand-raked till it is in the finest condition.

Our experience fully accords with the following from A. J. Downing, who long ago wrote on many rural topics:

"Now for the sowing; and here a farmer would advise you to 'seed down with oats,' or some such established agricultural adage. Do not listen to him for a moment. Do not suppose you are going to assist a weak growing plant by sowing along with it a coarser growing one to starve it."

With the writer's experience, having tested for some years over two hundred kinds of grasses and clovers, both native and foreign, for Michigan and places with similar climates, he would sow about two bushels of seeds (in the chaff) of June grass, *Poa pratensis*, L., and two bushels of some small bent grass, known as Rhode Island Bent, Brown Bent, or Creeping Bent, or as red top. The latter grasses vary much and are usually much mixed, as they were in all the samples above examined.

A few ounces of white clover may be added, if the owner prefers, but it is by no means very important. Each one of these two or three kinds of plants will appear to cover the ground all over, so it will look uniform.

To the farmer who is accustomed to sow coarse seeds for a meadow or pasture the above quantity of seeds appears to be enormous. But the aim is to secure many very fine stalks instead of a few large coarse ones.

If a little sweet vernal and a little perennial Ryegrass are used a careful observer, at certain seasons of the year, will see that the lawn looks "patchy." Especially in early spring, or in very dry weather, some of these and others often recommended, will grow faster than the rest and assume different shades of green.

For a lawn never use any timothy, orchard grass, tall oat grass, red clover, meadow fescue or other large grass or clover, but only the finest perennial grasses or clovers. Sow the seeds in September or in March or April, without any "sprinkling" of oats or wheat, and as soon as the grasses get up a little and the straggling weeds get up still higher, mow them, and keep mowing every week or two all summer.

Avoid purchasing mixtures advertised in seed catalogues, as it will be much cheaper and safer to buy each sort separately, and only one or two or three sorts are desirable. The rarer grasses are mostly imported, and up to the present time, as was said, have been found to possess very low vitality; besides, bad foreign weeds are very commonly mixed with these grass seeds. There are good reasons, then, for buying common sorts, and, if possible, those raised and cleaned in a careful manner.

James Hunter, of England, in his manual of grasses, says: "Careful analysis of the mixed lawn grass seeds sold by some large seed houses at high prices prove them to consist of from 40 to 50 per cent. of ryegrass, whereas not a single seed of ryegrass should be included in any mixture for producing a lawn."

The Royal Agricultural Society of England employs a consulting botanist, Wm. Caruthers, who, for small fees, tests the seeds for its members. He finds it best to

avoid purchasing mixtures for lawn, pasture or meadow.

If not so already, make the soil strong, drain thoroughly, deeply pulverize, harrow and hand rake the surface carefully. In early spring, or in early autumn if not dry, sow, without any wheat or oats, three or four bushels to the acre of June grass or red top, either one or a mixture of both in any proportion.

THE MICHIGAN HEDGE COMPANY.

In a recent issue of the *Country Gentleman* we notice a communication from Mr. R. Morrill, of Benton Harbor, this State, in which, after referring to the terms of the company for growing a hedge, he says:

"I have no fault to find with these terms, if the parties are agreed, but they can make just such a fence as they claim 'if they are on proper soils; but about their claim to patent on every device or manner of planting or laying down the hedge, and I cannot believe that such a patent, even if issued, has any value. There are thousands of men living who have practiced one or more, or all of these processes, years before the company came into existence; the first patent dates May 30th, 1876, and to my certain knowledge, these plans were practiced in Illinois and Missouri as early as 1868, and in this State I contracted to build several miles of hedge fences for farmers, and practiced these methods in part, previous to 1876, and I cannot understand how a patent can be valid under such circumstances. Moreover, the hedge plant is a tree which we set, cultivate and train for the purpose of making a fence; it is not a manufactured article at all. We reach the desired result by nature's growth and our skill in training the same, as we do on our orchards, vineyards and berry fields. If a patent can be secured and maintained on these processes, cannot the same be done with our manner of training grapes, or even trimming our orchards? It may be said that the patent embraces the laying down process; if so, why not get a patent on our method of laying down tender varieties of blackberries and grapes?"

"We are informed by the agent of this company that if we attempt any of these plans, we shall be prosecuted immediately and that they have \$150,000 to do it with."

A patent on "every device of planting or laying down a hedge" would without doubt be declared void for want of novelty. Planting hedges has been practiced in Great Britain for the past century, and in some portions of Canada for at least forty years. The company certainly claim too much when they make such a sweeping declaration. They are doing a large business in this State, and perhaps are giving value for the money being paid them by the farmers; time will determine that. But their "claims" are too heavy for even a company with \$150,000 capital to carry. It will be just as well for our readers to consider the article in another column from Prof. L. H. Bailey, Jr., of the Agricultural College, who is quite as capable of giving advice upon this subject as the "agents" of the company. It will also be seen, that the company have been going too far with their "claims" as to what has been done at the Agricultural College. They are like the Ohio politician, who, being asked at the close of an election and before the returns had been received, as what his party should claim, answered, "Claim everything." This hedge business originated in Ohio, and the promoters seem to cling to this Ohio "idea."

LAWN-MAKING.

Bulletin No. 11 of the Agricultural College of Michigan is devoted to the above subject, and W. J. Beal, Professor of Botany and Forestry, from which department it is issued, gives some plain and eminently sensible ideas upon a subject which is generally regarded as a most abstruse one by the average farmer. His opinions are largely founded upon what has been told him by those who furnish him seed mixtures warrant to grow a lawn upon any soil and without further care or trouble in his part. These seed mixtures are supposed to represent the totality of all the knowledge about lawn-making gained since the Christian era, and without them a nice lawn is an impossibility. Professor Beal's conclusions will therefore be read with profit by those who wish to have (and what farmer does not?) a nice lawn surrounding the home.

We have omitted his analysis of the various seed mixtures for two reasons: first, want of space; second, because the Professor shows that they are too costly and their use entirely unnecessary.

The Patent Hedge at the Agricultural College.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

It has been truthfully stated in the press that the orange has not proved hardy at this place. In reply to this statement, the company prints the following in the *State Republican*:

"I would further say that after an investigation of the cause the Professor of Horticulture at the College has given us an order to grow our trial hedge on the college grounds on our plans."

This is misleading, and so far as our motive is concerned, is untrue. There was a straightforward understanding between the agent and myself that the hedge was to be grown solely as an experiment. The College does not endorse it. I told the agent that we had no faith in the hedge from the fact that orange trees when grown in the ordinary manner is not hardy here. The patent system of training, by which the plant is dwarfed and therefore enabled to produce harder wood, may overcome this difficulty, as the company contend. We intend to give the hedge a careful trial on both low and high land. In the meantime, however, we advise the farmers to grow slow. Even if the plant is hardy, there is no reason why it should become popular for farm fences. The College takes the hedge for the purpose of testing it, not because it recommends hedge-fences.

L. H. BAILEY.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, March 13.

How to Graft.

I take two parts resin, one part bees-wax and one part tallow; melt all together until hot and stir well. Now take strips of good muslin, say three-quarters of an inch wide by six inches long, and dip them in, then remove, letting them drip off. When the grafts are inserted I take

one of these strips and wrap the stock part all up tight. This makes the parts joined fit closer than in any other way. One spring a part of my grafts I bound with strips and on a part only used the wax. Those wrapped with strips all grew, the others about one half grew also. Some of the former grew eight feet the first season, the waxed ones without the strips not making over half that growth. I claim that there are absolutely many chances in favor of the strips over the other way. It binds the split more firmly to the graft and it cannot crack open while growing or expanding, but will remain just as it has been put at least for one year. It keeps out rain and air, too, better. It also takes less wax and the wound heals over faster and sounder.

The whole top of a small tree may be cut off. Then put one graft in the stub (as I have done with some ten trees and not lost one), then wrap very tight with the waxed strip, and my word for it you will never graft in any other way when you see how your grafts will grow.—N. Y. World.

Soils and Fertilizers.

My belief is that most of the vegetable crops get their nourishment from the first six inches of surface; when roots go below this, as they always do, it is for moisture and for a suitable held upon the land. A grass root will reach down sixteen feet for water, but vegetables that make a rank and rapid growth must have nourishment and water near at hand. When their energies are put forth pumping water for existence from unusual depths their anatomy becomes stunted, wiry and tasteless, or bitter, a result of the hard struggle to sustain life. Sandy soil promotes these unfavorable conditions in times of drought, but if it can be well watered and fertilized it is then the best of soil for vegetables.

In a wet season my neighbor on light sandy land gets in market a few days ahead of me with peas, cucumbers, squash, beets, corn and radish; but in dry summer months, when my neighbor is mourning over his crops all dried up, I bring in the lettuce, cabbage, spinach, onions, celery and cauliflower, which a more compact and heavy soil has saved from complete annihilation. On the other hand, sandy soil is warmer in spring and will be easier to work, and can be worked earlier in the season than any other. I have raised superior crops of garden vegetables in both sand and loam, but for the reasons stated a sandy loam—a cross between a sandy and a clay soil—is to be preferred.

As to the best kind of fertilizer for the garden, I always recommend animal manure—cow or horse—for the reason that in my soil it does the work best. I have acquaintance raising good crops of potatoes, sweet corn, melons, turnips, tomatoes, etc., on very sandy soil and with commercial fertilizers only; and doing it year after year; but my success does not lie that way, especially for crops like onions, lettuce, cauliflower, celery and cabbage. These must have a well prepared soil; that is, some other good crops have been taken from the land the year previous; and the manure should be well worked in, twelve cords to the acre at least.

I should say that when stable manure is used it should be in spring just before the crop is planted. Commercial fertilizers can be broadcasted and worked about the roots of growing crops, but animal manures are better applied just before planting, and be sure to mix well into the soil with the usual tools for this work. There is in my experience, no fertilizing value in apple pomace for any soil. I see no weeds or green of any kind in an old pile of this material, which has lain exposed on a farm in town for three years; this shows it must be of very little value as a manure for the land. It may have value as an absorbent, but sawdust, tanbark, shavings, pine needles and apple pomace I do not want in my soil.—N. Y. Tribune.

Productive Plants.

A New York strawberry grower has succeeded in growing strawberries which averaged a pint to plant, in hill culture. This he says "looks small on paper" but is hard to obtain, nevertheless, where several acres are raised. Within three years the land received 75 tons of yard manure to the acre. Thorough culture was given during the season. A practice was made of cultivating the piece over once each week to the depth of seven inches, thus insuring moisture to the growing plants during a local drought. The Wilsons failing to respond to treatment as well as the other varieties, were given a dressing of wood ashes, and later on an application of fine manure. As the season advanced a change was visible, and the following spring brought them forth the best plants in the lot.

Horticultural Notes.

Mr. P. BARRY, at the annual meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, in his annual address took occasion to remind his hearers that enormous losses were experienced by owners through the omission of proper care. A large proportion of the fruit produced was poor in quality, and sold for low prices, and this was a fruitful source of the want of success with a multitude of cultivators. At the same time the apples of the common run were selling at \$1.25 a barrel, he had known those of choice quality from high culture, careful selection, and skillful packing, to bring \$5 or \$6, or even \$10 a barrel, and to this attainment cultivators should now bend their efforts in producing prime, large, well-colored apples. The English papers often complain of the poor quality and bad condition of American apples, and this is true at home as well as abroad.

D. G. EDMISTON, of Adrian, said before the Lenawee County Horticultural Society he had found that it required a good deal of judgment and skill and constant care to manage hot-beds as long as cold nights lasted, requiring the beds to be closed before night, and opened again in the morning before the sun began to warm up. If left closed during a few hours of warm sunshine in the middle of the day, everything in the bed will be burned up. Hot-beds should be of different temperatures for different kinds of plants. Cabbage, cauliflower, and lettuce required about the same temperature, and might be placed together, while tomatoes, peppers and egg plants might be placed together in another bed, and the tem-

perature should be 30 to 35 degrees higher than the bed of cabbage, etc. Hot beds usually require attention two or three times a day, and if the attendant is always at hand it will not consume much time, but if his work is on another part of the farm he will be likely to conclude that it is a good deal of trouble to care for a hot bed and if he don't get his plants either frozen or sunburnt, one or both, he will be lucky. When very small seeds like celery, etc., which require a very light covering were sown, he usually spread a newspaper over that part of the bed under the glass until the seeds had germinated, then removed the paper and shaded the glass until the plants were established.

A HUDSON RIVER peach grower says in the N. Y. Times: "The amount of cold which the peach buds can stand depends entirely upon the condition of those buds. Ten degrees below zero is of no consequence if the buds are not swollen and are in healthy condition. We have had good crops in this valley when the mercury fell as low as 30 degrees below zero, but the previous fall had been very favorable, winter setting in early and checking growth, thereby driving the sap into the roots. Late falls occasion damage, not so much from late growth, because that is stopped as soon as the leaves fall, but continued warm weather starts the sap up and the process of next spring's growth begins, the first of which is swelling of the fruit buds, and if the outer covering of the germ (which is not the leaf but the blossom) is loosened, they become susceptible to sudden cold and are easily destroyed. The leaf buds are usually found either between two fruit buds or else alone. Snow upon the ground before a sudden cold snap instead of being a protection is a damage, for the simple reason that the deeper the frost gets into the ground the less likely the sap is to flow up. We grow the finest peaches in the world in this section, (that is when we get them), and I shall keep my faith and orchards another year, although the coming spring will see most of the trees taken out and their places filled with grapes or some crop which is surer than the luscious grape."

HALE'S HONEY is the best Cough Cure, 25c. per bottle. GLENN'S SURE CURE for Rheumatism, 25c. per bottle. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions, 25c. PILLS FOR WHISKY DYE—Black & Brown, 25c. PILLS FOR TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 Minute, 25c. DEAN'S RHEUMATIC PILLS are a sure cure, 50c.

Apriarian.

Hints on Shipping Bees and Honey.

From an article in the *Country Gentleman*, by W. Z. Hutchinson, on the above subject, we glean the following suggestions: "A bee-keeper was berating the express company for damages to a colony of bees he had sent for exhibition at a fair, and in mentioning the ultimate end of the colony, said he had sold it for the honey that was in it, and the purchaser had secured forty pounds. No colony of bees should ever be shipped with forty pounds. Enough to last them on their journey is all that is necessary. A strong colony, confined to its hive, and disturbed, in warm weather, generates a large amount of heat, and combs that are heavy with honey are almost certain to become so soft as to break down, unless they are very old and tough. The probabilities are that the combs would have broken down, even if the hive had been handled in the most careful manner.

"When I first began shipping bees and exhibiting them at fairs, I gave them upward ventilation only, but soon discovered that, in hot weather, or if the bees are to be confined any great length of time, there must be openings in the bottom as well as the top of the hive, in order that there may be a current of air to carry away the superabundant heat. Not only is an abundance of ventilation necessary, but there is also needed plenty of room. There should be a space of three or four inches both above and below the combs. In the heat of the day the bees cluster in these spaces, returning to the combs at night, or if the weather turns cold. It has many times been recommended that sticks be thrust down between the combs, at the ends of the frames, to prevent the combs from sliding about and swinging against each other, but I have had better success when no sticks were used, the frames being fastened simply by nailing their ends with inch and a half finishing nails to the rabbet of the hive. (The heads of the nails should be allowed to project one-fourth of an inch, in order that they may be readily drawn out.) When fastened in this manner the frames cannot slide about, neither can they swing together enough to injure the bees, while their not being fastened at the bottom allows the frames to move slightly under the influence of a sudden jolt, which assists the combs materially in sustaining the shock without injury. When sent by express, it is not very material which end of the hive is placed forward, but when sent by freight, it is an essential point, as the car is always started with a jerk, and unless the combs are parallel with the track, they are apt to be swung together or broken out.

"When sent by freight, 'This end forward' should be the reading upon placard, so attached that when the request is obeyed, the frames will be parallel with the track. Unless the distance is short and there will be no transfers, it is seldom advisable to send bees by freight, unless some one can accompany them. If shipped at a time when there is much unusual brood in the hives, much of it will perish, unless the bees are furnished with water—the bees robbing the larvae of their food to quench their thirst. If somebody accompanies the bees, he can sprinkle them daily. If sent by express or freight, and no one goes with them, the best that can be done is to place a large sponge under the wire cloth, at one corner of the hive, and saturate it with water. If the bees are going a long distance, it might be well to attach to the hive a request that the express agent will moisten the sponge daily at noon. Colonies very strong in numbers seldom bear shipment so well as weaker ones—a medium-sized colony often containing more live bees, when reaching its destination, than a very populous one.

"Large crates should be avoided in shipping comb honey, as a heavy crate is much more likely to be 'dumped' than a smaller one. A crate should be light but strong. The honey should never be de-pended on to keep the crate in shape, but vice versa. Crates only one tier of sections

high are best; if higher than this, and any of the upper sections are injured, the honey runs down and dabs the lower sections. Small crates are more salable than large ones. There should always be glass in at least one side of a crate, in order that all who handle the honey may see what is being handled; this will secure more careful handling than to cover the crates with cautionary placards. When placing the crates in the car, they should be so placed that the combs are parallel with the track, the same as in shipping bees; this, however, is not so important as in shipping bees, as the combs are much smaller, some thicker, and there are no bees present to heat them. One disadvantage is, that the combs are new and tender, but there is not much danger of breakage, if the combs are well attached to the sections. Reversing the sections when nearly finished will induce the bees to attach the combs all around.

"There is much less danger in shipping comb honey in warm weather, as the cold makes the combs more brittle. Much of the damage done to comb honey in shipping is done by the freight handlers in unloading it, and it is well for the shipper, if he has a large lot, to have his railroad freight agent mark on the margin of the way-bill the following: 'Please notify consignee before unloading;' then the consignee can see to the unloading himself.

"Extracted honey should be shipped in kegs that will not contain more than 150 pounds; larger packages are more difficult to handle and less liable to be injured, and the honey lost by leakage. To prevent barrels from leaking, they are sometimes coated on the inside with wax or paraffine. The barrel should be warmed and the wax as hot as possible. The hot ter wax and the barrel, the thinner will be the coating of wax."

In reference to giving bees water while in confinement, Mr. Harrison says, in the *Practical Farmer*: "I do not know as it does any good, certainly does no harm, to give the bees water, occasionally, from this time on (Feb. 22) until they sweet out in spring. I feel better satisfied with myself when I do it. Some bee-keepers claim that it quiets them when they are restless. When the honey is very thick or dry and candied, they need it in preparing food for their brood. The successful Canadian apiarists keep the temperature of their cellars high toward spring, so that their bees will breed up strong, as their seasons are so short; there would be no profit in keeping them otherwise. I give the bees water, by putting wet cotton rags at the entrance of hives, and if they desire it they will find it."

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Beautiful sections, smooth inside and out, and all in one piece, at \$1.00 per 100. Ornamental Foundations, Smokers, Hives, Bees and Extract Honey, etc., always in stock. (Reference: Editor FARMER, Send for Price List.)

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Send for illustrated circular of Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries and Grapes. Free by mail to all who write. Large Stock, Fine Plants and Low Prices. Also circular of

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The Red Grape for the Million. Entirely Hardy Early and Very Large. You will be sorry if you do not get at least one vine. Address EVART H. SCOTT, Elm Fruit Farm, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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Our stock is excellent and embraces all leading hardy varieties of Fruit and Ornamental trees, Shrubs, Small Fruit Plants, etc., etc. We give special attention to individual orders and will be pleased to correspond with those preferring to buy direct from us. Our facilities for packing dealers' orders are excellent. To us, we offer the best Tr. & Digger on earth—the "Common Sense." Manufactured by us and satisfaction guaranteed. Address L. G. BRAGG & CO., Kalamazoo, Mich. Jan 19-04m

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Prepared for Sale by All Druggists.

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WOMAN'S FRIEND.

Poetry.

TWO SCHOOLFELLOWS.

Over the hill and valley,
Drawn by the steam horse's power,
The railroad king is speeding
Fifty miles an hour!

He counts his wealth by millions,
By thousands counts his men;
Over ten thousand miles of gleaming rails
He waves his scepter pen.

The diamonds of the coal mines,
Where toll the miners grim;
And the gold of the waving cornfields
Pay tribute unto him.

But pale and worn is the monarch;
Unheeding is the eye
Before the smiling country
Goes flitting and whirling by.

And he sees but does not notice,
The farmer rein old Gray
At the crossing, led by the special pass,
Speeding upon its way.

Stalwart and strong is Farmer John,
And bronzed with sun and weather,
"His wife," he laughs, "you'd never think
He and I were boys together!"

"He, that shadow, silent and shy,
No bigger than my arm;
He owns a hundred millions, and I
Have only you and the farm!"

"But, Lord, who ever would change with him?
Poor fellow, he never sees
Our upland meadow of clover red,
Our blossoming apple trees.

He only hears the clanging wheels
And the engine's whistle shrill;
Cares are the humming of the bees
And the wild birds' summer trill.

And while in the dusty town he toils
At a toll that's never done,
Singing my eye to a merry song
In the cherry wind and sun.

"And we shall be jogging behind old Gray
When in earth his bones shall lie,
How long do these meadows keep the sound
Of his swift train roaring by?"

AFTER DEATH.

If I should die before you, love,
I pray you do not weep
Tear me beyond the first few tears
The world will have you keep;
But say, "I make his heaven less
By mourning thus in dreariness.

And plant my violets white and blue,
Above my place of rest,
And tend them with those dear kind hands
I have so oft caressed;

And say—"These flowers were his last will,
And for his sake I watch them still."

And when the spring that I so loved
Shall flush the land with life,
I pray you seek my quiet grave,
But not with tears, sweet wife;
And if the flowers in bloom shall be,
Say: "Lo! he sends his love to me."

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD HORSE STORY.

I owe my marriage to a trumpeter's horse. I was nearing the age of forty, and I felt so safely anchored in the harbor of old-bachelordom that, whenever occasion offered, I vowed in all good faith that I should never risk myself upon the seas of matrimony. But I was reckoning without the trumpeter's horse.

It was the last of September, 1864, and I had just returned from Baden, expecting to pass only twenty hours in Paris. I had invited four or five of my friends—Callers, Bernheim, Fronderville, and Valres—to come down to my place in Poitou for the hunting season. They were to arrive early in October, and a week would give me barely time enough to put Roche-Targe in readiness to receive them. I found a letter from my huntsman awaiting me in Paris, and bringing disastrous news. The dogs were well; but out of the dozen hunting horses which I had at Roche-Targe, five had become sick or lame during my stay in Baden. There was no help for it, I must fill up my stud.

I went the rounds of the horse dealers on the Champs-Élysées, and was shown as hunting horses a choice collection of unsound and broken-winded animals at the moderate price of three thousand francs. I had had bad luck at *rouge et noir*, and I was not in the mood to throw away seven or eight hundred louis in a morning.

It was Wednesday, and Cheri was holding the first of his auction sales. During the day I went to his establishment, and there, without warranties, trusting wholly to luck and the statements of the catalogue,—"excellent hunter; jumps well; has carried a lady," etc.,—"I bought in one lot eight horses at a cost of only five thousand francs. Among the eight, I said to myself, there must be four or five that will do to be used as relays.

One of these horses, I must confess, I had bought chiefly on account of his beautiful coat. The catalogue attributed to him no special qualifications for the chase. It limited itself to saying: "Brutus, saddle-horse, old, very well trained." He was a large dappled gray. But never have I seen a gray better adapted. The white of his coat was sprinkled at regular intervals with beautiful and well-defined black spots.

The next day I set out for Roche-Targe, and on the day after, early in the morning, I was told the horses had arrived. I went at once to see them, and my first look was toward Brutus. He had been running through my head for the last forty-eight hours, and I had the keenest curiosity to find out what he was and of what he was capable.

I had him brought out from the stable first. A groom led him quietly up to me. The horse had long teeth, deep-set eyes, and all the indications of a respectable age, but, at the same time, powerful flanks, a large chest, a strong, but slender neck, a fine carriage of the head, a well-set tail and a faultless back. It was not all this, however, which most attracted my attention. What I admired above all else about him was the way he watched me, and with eyes full of attention, intelligence and curiosity, followed all my motions and gestures. My words even, seemed to interest him strangely. He bent his head towards me, as if to catch what I was saying, and, when I had finished speaking, neighed joyfully, as if in reply.

They showed me the remaining seven horses in succession. I examined them rapidly, and, with little care. They were like all other horses. But Brutus was marked individually, and I was impatient for a ride in his company over the country roads. He allowed himself to be saddled, bridled, and mounted like a horse that understood his business; and we started off as peacefully as possible.

I held him loosely at first, and he went along quietly with long strides, his neck a little stiff and his head slightly drooping. But when I made him feel the reins he responded to my hand with a quickness and ease that were extraordinary, arching his neck and champing his bit with a loud noise. Then, at the same time, he took a short, light, and regular step, lifting his legs high, and striking the ground with the regularity of a pendulum.

Cheri's catalogue had not been untruthful. He was a well-trained horse; in fact, he was too well trained. I made him trot and then gallop; but whenever I attempted to pull his head up he ducked it to the ground, wrenching my arms almost out of their sockets. When I tried to increase his pace, he broke and went to pieces. Then he began to dance in great style, trotting with his fore legs and galloping with his hind legs. "Good," I said to myself; "I understand it; I have bought some old circus horse, and it will not be upon such an animal as this that I shall hunt next week."

I was ready to turn about and go back home, having learned all I cared to about the capacities of Brutus, when I heard a gun-shot twenty feet away in the wood. It was one of my men firing at a rabbit. And, by the way, he received, some time after, from the woman who became my wife, a handsome present for that shot. But I anticipate.

I was then exactly in the centre of a cross-roads, forming a circle five or six yards in diameter. From this circle branched off six long wooded drives. On hearing the shot Brutus had stopped short, planted himself firmly upon his four legs, pricked up his ears and thrown back his head. I was surprised to find the horse so sensitive. I should have expected that, after the brilliant education which he had evidently received in his youth, he would have been thoroughly used to guns, and even cannon. I pressed my knees against him to make him go ahead, but Brutus did not stir. I gave him two sharp pricks with my spurs. Brutus did not stir. I made him feel a vigorous application of my whip. Brutus did not stir. I tried to back him—to turn him to the right, to turn him to the left. I could not move him an inch. Brutus seemed to be set on the ground, and yet—you must not laugh, for my story is strictly true—each time that I tried to move the horse, he turned his head and looked at me with an eye in which I could plainly read impatience and surprise. Then he fell back into his pose and became again a statue.

There was evidently a misunderstanding between the horse and me. I could see that in his eyes; Brutus was saying to me, with all the emphasis that he could put into his looks, "I, the horse, am doing just what I ought to do, and it is you, the rider, who are failing in your duty." I was more puzzled than annoyed. What extraordinary kind of an animal did Cheri sell me, and why does he look at me in so odd a fashion? I was just preparing, however, to resort to severe measures, which means I was about to give Brutus a sound whipping, when a second shot was heard.

The horse, at that, made a bound. I thought the victory gained, and taking advantage of his leap, tried to raise him with my hand and legs. But no. He stopped short after the bound, and again planted himself upon the ground, but more firmly and resolutely than before. Oh! then I was angry, and I brought the whip into full play. I seized it squarely with my hand and began to lay it on the horse right and left with all my strength. But Brutus then lost his patience too, and instead of the cool determined resistance with which he had first met me, I encountered the wildest opposition—leaps, jumps, extraordinary kickings, incredible falls and springs; and in the midst of all this struggle, while the horse was leaping and rearing madly, and while I, in my exasperation, was pounding him with the leaden handle of my whip, Brutus still found time to cast at me looks filled not only with impatience and surprise, but also with anger and indignation. While I was demanding of the horse the obedience which he refused me, it is certain that he expected from me something which I did not do.

How did all this end? In my disgrace—my great disgrace. I was abjectly dismounted by an incomparable feat. Brutus realized, I suppose, that he could do nothing with me by force, and that it would be necessary for him to use cunning. After an instant of quiet, which was with out doubt a pause for reflection, the horse stood erect upon his fore legs with his head down, with all the manner, the quiet, and perfect equilibrium of a clown walking upon his hands. Of course I was thrown off upon the sand, but luckily at that place it was fine and yielding.

I tried to rise, uttered a cry of pain, and fell at full length upon my face. At the least motion I felt as if a knife were thrust into my left leg. It was a trifle, however, a slight strain of one of the muscles; but for the moment the pain was none the less acute. I managed to turn over and sit up; but just as I was rubbing the sand out of my eyes, and was beginning to wonder what had become of my wretched dappled-gray, I saw a great hoof coming down close by my head. Then this great hoof, resting quite gently, be it understood, upon my chest, pushed me softly back again upon the ground. This time I was lying upon my back.

Then I was completely discouraged, and feeling incapable of any further exertion, I remained in that position, continually asking myself what manner of horse I had bought at Cheri's, keeping my eyes closed and momentarily expecting death. Suddenly I heard a peculiar kicking all about me; a quantity of hard little objects were striking my face. I opened my eyes and saw Brutus using all four feet with marvelous activity and skill, trying to

bury me under the sand. The poor beast was doing his best, and from time to time he stopped to examine his work. Then, throwing up his head, he gave a neigh and resumed his little task. This continued three or four minutes, after which, thinking, no doubt, that I was sufficiently buried, he got down on his knees with much respect before my grave. On his knees!—absolutely on his knees! He was saying, I suppose, a little prayer. As for me, I watched him. The performance interested me extremely.

His prayer ended, Brutus engaged in a little curvetting, went a few feet away, stopped, and then, breaking into a gallop, set himself to making more than twenty times the circuit of the cross-roads, in the middle of which he had buried me. Brutus was galloping extremely well, with regular step, and head in good position, describing about me a perfect circle. I followed him with my eyes, but it made me a little dizzy to see him going round and round. "Stop! stop!" The horse stopped and seemed perplexed, asking himself, no doubt, what he had neglected to do. But he saw my hat, which had rolled away in my fall, and then he formed a new resolution. He walked directly to my hat, picked it up with his teeth, and started off at a rapid gallop down one of the six roads which led away from my grave.

Brutus had gone, disappeared; I was left alone. I had been betrayed, completely betrayed. I shook off the light layer of sand which covered me, and without rising, with the aid of my arms and right leg—to move the left leg was out of the question—I succeeded in dragging myself to a grassy slope at the opening of one of the roads. Once there, I could sit up after a fashion, and I began to shout with all my strength. No reply. The wood was absolutely deserted and silent. There was nothing now to do but wait for some passer-by to help me out of my difficulty.

I had remained for half an hour in that painful position, when I saw in the distance, almost at the other end of the road by which he had disappeared, Brutus returning at the same long gallop with which he had left me. A cloud of dust half hid the horse. Little by little I made out through the dust a little pony phaeton; and then in the phaeton a lady holding the reins, and behind the lady a little groom.

Some minutes later, Brutus, covered with foam, stopped before me, dropped my hat at my feet, and addressed me with a neigh, which clearly meant, "I have done my duty. Here is help for you." But I paid little attention to Brutus and his explanation. I had eyes only for the succoring fairy, who, after springing from her phaeton, came gently towards me. She, on her part, looked earnestly at me, and suddenly two cries broke the silence at the same time:

"Madame de Noriois!"
"Monsieur de la Roche-Targe!"

I had an aunt, between whom and me there had been for years a good-natured but incessant quarrel.

"You must marry."

"Do not wish to marry."

"Do you prefer a young lady? There is Mademoiselle A., Mademoiselle B., Mademoiselle C."

"But I do not wish to marry!"

"Do you prefer a widow? There is Madame D., Madame E., Madame F."

"I do not wish to marry!"

Madame de Noriois had always figured in the first rank of the widows; and I had noticed that my aunt dwelt with evident partiality upon the benefits and advantages that would come to me by marriage with her. She had no need to tell me that Madame de Noriois was extremely pretty—my eyes told me that; nor that she was rich—I knew that also. But she used to explain to me that Monsieur de Noriois had been a fool, who had possessed the ability to make his wife perfectly miserable, and that for that reason it would be very easy for a second husband to make himself deeply loved.

Then after she had for a long time celebrated the virtues, graces, and charming qualities of Madame de Noriois, my aunt, who was clever, and knew my weaknesses, took from her cabinet a map, and carefully spread it out on the table.

It was a plan of the country about Chateaufort, a very minute and exact plan, which my aunt had taken the trouble of buying for herself at the war office, for the purpose of convincing me that I ought to marry Madame de Noriois. The chateau of Noriois and Roche-Targe, hardly two miles apart, were both indicated on the plan; and my aunt, with her own hand, had intentionally united the two estates by a line of red ink. She called my attention to this red line, and said, "Sixteen hundred acres without a division line, if Noriois and Roche-Targe were united; that is something that a hunting man could appreciate!"

As for myself, I shut my eyes, the temptation was too great, and I took refuge in my refrain, "I do not wish to marry." But I was afraid, seriously afraid; and whenever I met Mme. de Noriois, her head seemed to my eyes to encircle by an aureole, consisting of my aunt's red ink line, and I said to myself: "A charming woman, spirituelle, intelligent, her first husband was a fool, and so forth, and so forth, and sixteen hundred acres of land. Fly, you poor fellow, fly, since you do not wish to marry!"

And I fled! But, now, how could I escape? There I was, on this grass, covered with dirt, my hair disordered, my clothes in tatters, and my wretched leg perfectly stiff. And Mme. de Noriois was at my side, in the most charming of costumes, —the aureole still about her head,—saying to me,—

"Is it really you, M. de la Roche-Targe?"

"What is the matter? Mon Dieu, what has happened?"

"I frankly confessed my fall."

"But you are not hurt?"

"No, I'm not hurt. Something is the matter with this leg; but it is nothing serious, I am sure."

"And what played you such a trick?"

"That is he."

And I pointed to Brutus, who was standing close by, unfastened, quietly

pulling up and eating little mouthfuls of grass.

"What! is it he? The brave horse! Oh, he has atoned well for his misdeeds, I assure you. I will tell you about it by and by. We must first go back to your house, and that, too, directly."

"But I cannot walk a step."

"I am going to drive you home."

And she called Bob, the little groom. Then she gently took one of my arms while Bob took the other, and made me get into her phaeton. Five minutes later we were rolling along towards my chateau, she guided her pony with one hand, and I, troubled, confused, embarrassed, and stupid, watching her as she drove. We were alone in the phaeton. Bob had been ordered to bring Brutus, who submitted very quietly.

"Now, pay attention," said Mme. de Noriois; "keep your leg stretched out, I am going to drive slowly so as to avoid all jolting."

In short she said a thousand kind and pleasant things. Then when she saw that I was comfortably seated,—

"Tell me," she said, "how you happened to fall, and I will tell you how I happened to come to your aid. It is sure to be amusing. Tell me all about the horse."

I began my story, but when I came to the efforts that Brutus made to unseat me after the two shots,—

"I understand it all," she cried. "You bought the trumpeter's horse?"

"The trumpeter's horse?"

"Yes, indeed, you did, and that explains everything. You have seen twenty times, I know, at the Imperial circus, the performance of 'The Trumpeter's Horse.' The African chasseur, you remember, comes into the ring on a gray horse; then the Arabs appear and fire their guns at the chasseur. He is wounded and falls to the ground; and as you did not fall, the horse was indignant. He had no idea of letting you slight your duty at that point, and so he threw you to the ground himself. And when you were lying on the ground, what did the horse do?"

I told her of Brutus' attempt to bury me.

"The trumpeter's horse," she said, "is still the trumpeter's horse. He sees that his master is wounded; the Arabs will come and kill him. What is the horse to do? He buries the African chasseur. Then he sets off at a gallop, does he not?"

"Yes, at a breakneck gallop."

"He is carrying away the flag to prevent its falling into the hands of the Arabs."

"But it was my hat that he carried away."

"He took what he could find. And where does the trumpeter's horse gallop to?"

"Oh! I see, I see!" I cried; "he goes to find the vivandiere!"

"Exactly. He goes in search of the vivandiere. And the vivandiere to day is, if you please, I, the Countess de Noriois. He came galloping into my grounds, that magnificent gray of yours. I was standing on the steps putting on my gloves, and was just ready to step into my phaeton. Suddenly my men rushed forward, seeing a horse galloping in, saddled, bridled, riderless, with a hat between his teeth. They try to catch him; but he jumps aside, eludes them, and coming straight to the steps, falls on his knees before me. He was calling me; I assure you he was calling me. I tell the men to let the horse alone. I spring into the phaeton and drive off. Your horse darts into the wood, and I follow him over a road that was not in every part laid out for driving—but I follow him; I come here and find you."

Just as Mme. de Noriois was speaking these last words, the phaeton received an unaccountable blow from behind. We turned and saw Brutus' head away up in the air above us. It was Brutus again! Ridden by Bob, he had been following the phaeton, and seeing that the little rattle of the phaeton could be used for the purpose, he had in the most artistic style and with the most brilliant of his old tricks, with one spring he had placed his fore legs upon the rattle, and this done, he was quietly going along, trotting upon his hind legs alone. Bob, thoroughly frightened, his body thrown backward, and his head hanging down, was making vain attempts to pull the horse back again upon his four feet.

As for Mme. de Noriois, she was so alarmed that she had dropped the reins and literally thrown herself into my arms. Her charming little head had fallen accidentally upon my shoulder, and my lips touched her hair. With my left hand I was trying to pick up the reins, with my right arm I was supporting Mme. de Noriois, and all the while my leg was causing me great agony.

And this is the way in which Mme. de Noriois made her first appearance at Roche-Targe.

When she came there again, one evening six months later, after having been made that day Mme. de la Roche-Targe, she said to me,—

"Life is a strange affair. Nothing of all this would have happened if you had not bought the trumpeter horse."

Every year about this season hundreds of tons of books are scattered for advertising, such advertising is profitable or profitless according to how it is gotten up. Some advertisers put all their strength into extravagant claims, and they try to get them read by associating them with funny stories or ridiculous pictures. The result is that sensible people don't believe their big claims, they merely laugh at the stories and throw them away; but when a man gets green's almanac with its interesting statistics, or when a woman gets the zoo-phora book on diseases of women and children they keep them. Such books have permanent value, both for the advertiser and the reader. The latter book, on receipt of 10 cents, is sent in sealed envelope to any lady.

THERE was a sensation in Epiphany Church last Sunday, when a well known lady came walking up the aisle with a pair of opera glasses in her hand, which she carried in a most conspicuous manner. As soon as the services commenced she discovered her mistake, and her devotion were somewhat disturbed by the fear that other people had noticed it. She explained afterwards that she usually kept her prayer-book and opera-glasses together, and in a fit of abstraction she picked up the wrong article and started for church.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SECRET OF MY FOOTSTOOL.

My brother gave his work a final polish, and then viewed the valuable articles approvingly before placing them in their softly padded case.

"Think they look well, little woman?" he asked.

"I think they do, indeed," I answered, in unqualified admiration, for Ted was a capital workman, and had mended the pretty trinkets very skillfully. "I am sure Mr. Bailey will be pleased. The owner himself would be puzzled to detect where she damaged them."

Ted smiled; then, as he did not intend to take them back to the shop until the return of his employer, which would not be till the morrow, he deposited both the jeweled bracelets in his customary "non-burglar proof safe," as he jokingly called a small, strong, square box which he had fitted with lock and key, padded inside and out, and covered with chintz to match our sofa. He made use of this as a footstool, saying that evil disposed persons would be the less likely to examine it; and many a jest he had about his placing gems under my feet, and about me being a small person with a high mind, for I set my foot upon gold; and the like nonsense. Dear old Ted! He was so clever at his trade, and so trustworthy, that he always had more work than he could get through. He was very fond of me—he his poor little crippled sister—would never allow me to sit too long at my needle, and shared with me in every possible way the little duties necessitated by our humble ménage; so he and I jogged very peaceably. We lodged in two rooms in a quiet street on the outskirts of Bridgepool. Our landlady was a kindly old body, who had known our parents long before either Ted or I found ourselves on this world's stage.

Having put away the bracelets safely my brother next packed up three or four watches he had been busy setting to rights, and prepared to go to the shop to Bridgepool which usually employed him. I watched him putting on his overcoat, for the day was very cold, but he seemed slow in his movements, and I thought he was reluctant to leave me alone, for though I was generally active enough, considering my infirmity, one of my bad spells was now on me, when, as he knew, I found moving about a pain and a difficulty for some days. It happened, too, that Mrs. Brown, our landlady, had gone out for the day—a very rare occurrence.

"Can I do anything else for you before I go?" he asked.

"No, Ted, dear, thank you."

"Make sure; look round and see if everything is put handy for you," said my brother, placing my crutch a little nearer.

"Everything," I replied, cheerfully.

"And I've such a lot of work to get through, I shall find the afternoon short."

"I don't half like your being left alone so long; for I may not be back before 5," said Ted, eyeing me dubiously. "Cousin Milly would come round if I asked her."

"Yes, and bring her baby, who would hinder my work sadly. I don't like babies when I'm busy. Go away, Ted, you dear old fellow! Don't bother about me—I shall be all right."

"Well, by-by, little woman," he said, stooping to kiss me; "I'll be home as soon as I can. And, Bessie," he added, pausing in the doorway, "be sure and don't touch the window to-day. The ash line snapped this morning. I must send a carpenter to see to it. You will remember?"

I promised that I would, and my brother departed. I heard him go downstairs and shut the street door. At first the unusual quiet of the house was rather depressing; but I soon became too much engrossed in sewing to pay attention to it, and stitched away busily at some things I was completing for a lady who was kind enough to praise my needlework, preferring it, as many others did, to machine stitched articles.

Presently I thought I heard a slight noise downstairs, like the opening of a window, but as all remained quiet afterwards, I put it down to my imagination, and went on tranquilly with my work.

After some time I was startled to hear a step, stealthy, but distinctly audible on the landing outside, while under the door appeared the shadow of some one moving.

"Perhaps Mrs. Brown has returned," was the thought in my mind as I sat gazing at the door; but then I turned cold with fear, for the handle was turned softly, and a strange man looked in—a young man, with a pallid, greasy, leering face ornamented by a thick looking twist of hair on each side, while a limp cap of semi-military cut was struck rakishly on the side of his head.

I noticed these details mechanically as I sat petrified with surprise and fright, and I also noticed that his long dirty neck with no tie or collar, a shabby frock coat being buttoned up to his chin, and that his dirtier hands sported more than one ring.

This individual, after darting a swift glance round the room, slipped in and locked the door, saying:

"Slick! Popsy-wopsy, don't be frightened! I'm not going to hurt you—not a bit of it! But, you see—Stop that!" he growled; for, as he approached me, I recovered myself a little, and gave a good loud scream.

Quick as thought he had his hand over my mouth, holding my chin and nose in such a manner that I was nearly suffocated; then he gave me a shake, saying:

"If you do that again, I'll pay you out, you little fool! There—she is going to be nice and quiet now, ain't she? A plecter of good behavior, I call her!"

Talking thus, he gagged me dexterously with some of my work—which, however, was pleasant to his hand—ugh, that grimy hand—on my mouth, and then producing some cord from his pocket, in a minute or two I was—poor little feeble thing—bound hand and foot in my chair.

He grinned at me as he remarked:

"Now you know, ducky, I wouldn't have served you so if you'd had the sense to keep quiet. I never could abear to be rough to the ladies—never! But time is short, and you might have been hard to persuade; so, perhaps, it is the best way, after all."

While speaking thus the flippant rascal kept running his eyes around our neat little room. I read disdain in his glance, and at that moment a suspicion darted into my mind that he had come with the object of stealing some of Ted's work—perhaps the jeweled bracelets which then were under my feet. With this thought there came to me a firm resolve to save my brother such a loss, if I possibly could; ay, even though I had to endure tortures, I would not speak. I set my teeth hard and watched the man. His wandering glances soon reverted to me.

"Look here, dear, if I loosen this cloth a bit, and you take breath, will you speak to me nicely? Only don't scream again. It makes me quite nervous to hear you scream, and can't do you no good." How well I knew that, in a back room in a quiet street! "There, ain't it much more comfortable?"—loosening the cloth.

"Tell me now, popsy, your brother's got some valubles here, ain't he?"

I shook my head.

"Oh, but he has, so you needn't jog your noddle like that. Better tell me where he's put them. It will save lots of time, and be more pleasant for you."

But I only shook my head the more.

"Did you ever see such stubbornness?" muttered the fellow, typing up my mouth again. "I am afeared I shall have to make you speak directly. But I never like to be unkind to the ladies, unless they drive me to it—oh, never!"

Saying this he began an examination of the apartment, proceeding in what, as I suppose, would be described by a professional "as the 'best style,' anyway his movements were characterized by extraordinary celerity. Within a few minutes he had gone to the bottom of every drawer and box in the room, and also turned out the sofa bedstead where Ted slept at night. A pretty letter he made of it all! But he had not yet discovered the secret of my footstool. Can any one imagine what I endured as I sat there, helpless as a poor little Chinese "joss," the cold perspiration of fear on my forehead, while I asked myself: "What will the fellow do next?"

He turned around while proceeding with his search and, looking at me, said: "Hello, Poppet, how pale you are! Ain't going to faint, are you? Oh! don't faint, for I shall want you to talk to me a bit. I'll open the window and give you a mouthful of fresh air. This room is precious close."

He went to the window—the window which dear Ted had cautioned me not to touch that morning—unfastened the catch and would have let down the upper part; but he was saved the trouble, for, the cord being broken, down, quick as a shot, came the window, and, as luck would have it, caught his eight fingers tight between the upper and middle frames.

The pain and the shock must have been dreadful, the window frame being a wide and very heavy one. He uttered a howl, then kicked frantically; but all was vain. There he stood, with both hands held aloft, caught in as nice a trap as could have been devised for an evil doer.

Then he glanced at me, and the sight of me, "pictor of good behavior" that I was must have filled his soul with remorse, since through his own act I was rendered powerless to assist him. He whined, however:

"Can't you help me?"

As it was impossible for me willingly to look on while a fellow creature suffered such anguish as I knew he must be enduring, I used every effort to get free, but vainly. He had tied me too firmly for that. He took to kicking again, and began to swear horribly. May I never hear such language as I was forced to listen to that afternoon!

His hands soon swelled, and I saw some drops of blood trickle slowly down the panes, the ring he wore on his dirty fingers having been forced into the flesh. The piercing air, which rushed in freely through the wide aperture, must have greatly aggravated his suffering. I know I was nearly frozen. And all this time the American clock on the mantelpiece, kept ticking off the moments tranquilly, as though to assure me that time could not be hurried into a quicker pace by any consideration of human distress.

Imagine what two hours in such a situation meant for both of us! Two hours! I think the poor wretch at the window pined; but the horrible dragging of his body on his poor maimed hands roused him directly. Trembling with cold and commiseration, I sat watching him, the tears rolling down my cheeks. Oh, why had I refused Ted's kind proposal to send Cousin Milly to me? Why had I been so captious about her dear little baby? Better a room full of babies, all doing their worst, than—

But here I swooned, and fell, chair and all, on the rug before the cold grate, the fire having died out long since.

